And now they neuer meete in groue,or greene,
By fountaine cleere,or ſpangled ſtarlight ſheene,
But they do ſquare,that all their Elues for feare
Creepe into acorne cups,and hide them there.
Fai. Either I miſtake your ſhape and making quite,
Or elſe you are that ſhrewd and knauiſh ſpirit,
Call'd *Robin good-fellow*. Are you not hee,
That frights the maidens of the Villagree,
Skim milke,and ſometimes labour in the querne,
And bootleſſe make the breathleſſe huſwife cherne,
And ſometime make the drinke to beare no barme,
Miſ-leade night-wanderers,laughing at their harme,
Thoſe that hobgoblin call you,and ſweete Puck,
You do their worke,and they ſhall haue good lucke.
Are not you he? (the night,
Rob. Thou ſpeak'ſt aright; I am that merry wanderer of
I ieaſt to *Oberon*,and make him ſmile,
When I a fat and beane-fed horſe beguile;
Neighing in likeneſſe of a ſilly foale,
And ſometime lurke I in a goſſips bole,
In very likeneſſe of a roſted crab,
And when ſhe drinkes,againſt her lips I bob,
And on her withered dewlop poure the ale.
The wiſeſt Aunt telling the ſaddeſt tale,
Sometime for three foote ſtoole,miſtaketh me,
Then ſlip I from her bum,downe topples ſhe,
And tailour cryes,and fals into a coffe,
And then the whole Quire hold their hips,and loffe,
And waxen in their mirth,and neeze,and ſweare,
A merrier houre was neuer waſted there.
But roome Fairy,here comes *Oberon*.
Fai. And here my miſtreſſe: would that he were gone.
Enter the King of Fairies at one doore with his traine, and the Queene at another with hers.
Ob. Ill met by moone-light,proud *Tytania*.

Queen.

Queene. What,iealous
Ihaue forſworne his bed
Ob. Tarry raſh wanton
Qu. Then I muſt be thy
When thou haſt ſtollen a
And in the ſhape of *Cori*
Playing on pipes of corn
To amorous *Phillida*. Wh
Come from the fartheſt
But that forſooth the bo
Your buskind miſtreſſe,
To *Theſeus* muſt be wed
To giue their bed ioy an
Ob. How canſt thou
Glance at my credite,wi
Knowing I know thy lo
Didſt not thou leade hi
From *Perigenia*,whom h
And make him with fai
With *Ariadne*,and *Anti*
Queen. Theſe are the
And neuer ſince the mid
Met we on hill,in dale,f
By paued fountaine,or
Or in the beached marg
To dance our ringlets t
But with thy brawles th
Therefore the windes,p
As in reuenge,haue ſuck
Contagious fogs; whic
Hath euery pelting riue
That they haue ouer-bo
The Oxe hath therefor
The ploughman loſt his
Hath rotted,ere his yo

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